MONTEREY NEWS

APRIL 1989

TOWN NEWS

Drawdown Study Begun on Lake Garfield

A study of the impacts and efficacy of the drawdown procedure on Lake Garfield, requested by the Monterey Conservation Commission and initiated by the Lake Garfield Association and the Board of Selectmen, will begin before the ice cover leaves the lake this spring. The year-long study will be conducted by Associated Environmental Scientists, Inc., of West Springfield, who will make recommendations based on their findings relevant to weed control in the lake.

The cost of the study will be $18,590. The Lake Garfield Association has donated start-up funds, because money cannot be appropriated out of Town funds until the coming fiscal year. The Association in a letter elsewhere in this issue is asking for contributions from all townspeople who are interested in a scientifically directed lake cleanup.

Monterey Selectman Gige O'Connell pointed out at a recent meeting that this study focuses specifically on drawdown and that there are likely to be other studies necessary to follow up on what this year's findings are. She emphasized that the Town does care about the lake and is fully aware of its contributions in every realm from town economy to environmental enhancement.

Both the Conservation Commission and the Board of Selectmen will monitor and give input to technicians performing the study as it progresses. And all will await with great curiosity the results and recommendations at the end of the study year.

Southern Berkshire School Budget

The Southern Berkshire Regional School Committee last week adopted a $5,086,475 operating budget for fiscal 1989-90.

The district's capital budget—which is separate from the operating budget—will be $184,652 for the coming year. In preliminary figures, $688,000 was set aside for "piecemeal maintenance of district buildings" should voters not approve the new school building project.

Voters in all five member towns last month approved a $25 million school construction project.

As the new high school and renovated elementary school won't be completed until 1991-92, certain short-term maintenance chores have to be undertaken.

These chores include asbestos removal, septic repairs, storm windows, classroom adjustments and purchase of a district maintenance vehicle.

On the negative side, the district is anticipating the state will maintain the same reimbursement schedule as it used last year. This translates into an additional $50,000 which the district must come up with, as the commonwealth is not keeping up with inflation.

"The district's spending will increase only 4.9 percent," Superintendent Thomas Consolati said. To achieve this figure, a number of cuts were made in such areas as maintenance contingency ($4,000), pre-kindergarten special education ($15,000), clerical ($7,000) and supplies, field trips and contracted services ($51,000).

The district will be assessing member towns $3,634,932 for the coming year. This is 7.13 percent higher than the previous year (due primarily to less money from the state). Monterey's assessment will go up 9.57 percent, based on a rise in enrollment (115 students).

(from *The Berkshire Courier*, 3-9-89)

Spring Percolation Test Period Lengthened

The spring test period for percolation tests and deep observation holes will be March 1 to May 30, 1989. This decision was taken by the Board of Health on February 13, 1989.

In accordance with the provisions of the State Environmental Code, Title 5, 310 CMR 15.03 (4)(c), testing in the early part of the period will depend on the weather, since percolation tests may not be made in frozen soil.

All those wishing to have holes and tests witnessed, pursuant to 310 CMR 15.03 (1), should contact Monterey's Sanitary Inspector, Peter J. Kolodziej (telephone: 243-2100), not less than 72 hours (three days) before the time and date proposed for making the holes and tests. In case of emergencies or highly unusual circumstances, it may be possible to arrange witnessing on shorter notice. Final determination of a convenient time and date will be a matter of mutual agreement and may well be more than 72 hours from the time of contact.

— Ellen K. Pearson

CHURCH NEWS

Just the other day I came across a cartoon in a magazine. A man and a woman were standing in line beneath a movie marquee. The man, turning to the woman, says, "Escapism? Not me. I go to see these movies to get caught up on the issues of our times. For escape I go to church."

It's heartening to see so many good movies in recent years that address contemporary issues: racism, mental illness, exploitation, injustice, etc. Many of today's finest filmmakers are creating an impact on our society through their artistic struggle with these significant themes.

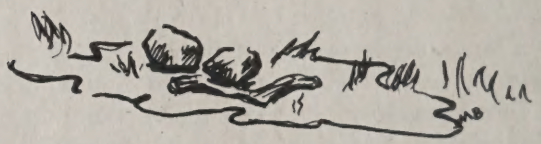
But is the church the place to go to seek escape? Now, I realize many people do want to retreat from the complexities and problems of the world, and many see their church (or synagogue) as the place to go to be alone with God and forget about their worldly woes. After all, isn't the church concerned with spiritual matters? Isn't worship a sacred time to be alone with God? Doesn't the bible tell us to seek first the kingdom of God?

Yes, the church emphasizes all these points . . . and more. The Church is a community, a fellowship of God's people, a family of faith. Perhaps the best way to explain what church is and where our emphasis should be is to take a look at the structure of our traditional liturgy. Incidentally, the word "liturgy" in Greek literally means "the work of the people." That alone should give us a hint.

Sören Kierkegaard, the Danish philosopher, likens worship to theatre. But instead of the worshippers sitting down to be "entertained," it is God who is the audience. We, the people, are on stage acting out a liturgical drama. There are four acts to our dramatic scenario of worship. Act one is "Adoration." We come together to actively praise our Creator. God is the focal point. But once we are centered on God we become aware of our human condition. So our second act is "Confession," noting that no matter how hard we try (individually or corporately) our imperfect nature is the cause of much of the pain in our world. It is here, however, that through the Christ we rediscover that we are still God's children. "Proclamation" is the third act. We seek the answers to timeless questions: What is God saying to us in this day and age? How do we live out our faith in the complexities of this world? Where will our ministry lead us? The final act in our liturgical drama is "Dedication": committing ourselves to go out into daily life to spread the good news of the gospel and actively work for peace and human liberation.

Liturgy is, indeed, the "work" of God's people. It's not just sitting alone in a pew with our eyes closed and hands folded. Rather, it is God's community gathered in a circle of love, eyes opened to our worldly reality with arms outstretched to share our hands with others. Is church the place to go to find escape? Hardly! Church is the place where God's people go to share their faith and doubts, care about their sisters and brothers, and work together to build the kingdom of God. If you want escapism, go to the movies!

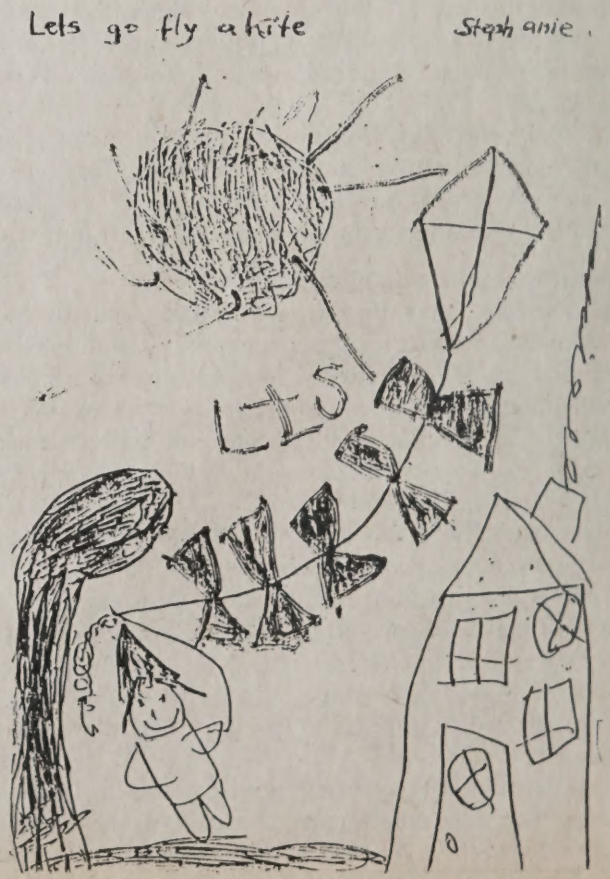
— Cliff Aerie



VOX ED

After our massive April Fool's effort of last year, our readers are probably picking their way through this issue gingerly, apprehensive of booby-traps. No such fear, it will take us some time to gather that kind of energy together again! We just have a light touch here and there to remind us all that the snow boots and parkas are almost retired and the miracle of spring in the Berkshires is upon us.

— David P. McAllester



VERNAL POOLS—A RITE OF SPRING

You may have missed this little festival in past years. Most people who see an isolated, shallow pool of water filled with leaves in the woods wouldn't give it a second thought. In fact, vernal pools, as they are called, have only recently been afforded legal protection under the Wetlands Act. If a vernal pool is found to be associated with a protectable wetland (freshwater meadow, swamp, river, pond, etc.), then it can be deemed sacred to the state of Massachusetts. If it is merely out there by itself in the woods or in a field, then it may be sacred to you.

On the first rainy nights in April, when the temperature is over 45°, several species of salamanders and frogs emerge all at once from their winter hibernation and slither in slippery hordes to the nearest vernal pool to lay their eggs. Those who have witnessed the migration of these glutinous merrymakers describe it as "wondrous" and "magical." Be that as it may, the inexorable march of a bunch of single minded, temperature- and moisture-driven amphibians can't help but strike a primordial chord in the heart of man.

Many vernal pools (shallow depressions, usually not more than 50 yards across, which dry up in summer months) were formed by the glaciers. Certain amphibians evolved to be able to breed only in such pools, which by their ephemerality prevent the survival of predaceous salamander egg eaters, like fish. Here and there, since the glaciers retreated, roads have been built across the ancient paths of salamander migration. We've all experienced these invisible crossroads while driving on rainslick highways suddenly alive with eager, apparently suicidal, little hopping frogs. Some towns in the state are constructing tunnels under busy thoroughfares so that such rising superstars as the spotted, the Jefferson, the blue-spotted, the silvery and the marbled salamander can get to their Spring Proms. As for musical accompaniment, the wood frog, another "obligate" specied in vernal ponds, annually provides percussion, while the spring peeper carries the melody.

If you're lucky, this year's festivities will be attended by the lightfooted fairy shrimp, whose feet are so light that they dance upside down. Fairy shrimp are full-time residents of vernal ponds. Their eggs are adapted to difficult conditions, including New England winters, drought and extreme heat. Some wait twenty years for just the right moment to hatch. Other wild and crazy partygoers to be found in vernal pools include: toads, turtles, diving beetles, whirligig beetles, caddisfly and dragonfly larvae, and, everybody's all-round favorites, leeches.

In the hope that the coming spring will provide more right moments than we received from the passing winter, don raincoats and carry flashlights out into the first warm rainy nights of April, and celebrate spring by the pool.

— Ellen K. Pearson

Note: Anyone who discovers one of this unique and increasingly rare type of wetlands may contact the Massachusetts Natural Heritage Program Division of Fisheries and Wildlife, 100 Cambridge Street, Boston, MA 02202, to have your pool certified and added to the state inventory.

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SUSAN McALLESTER

JANET THIERIOT

Though the flame dies,
The light shines forever.
— Joan Vilms

After a nine-month encounter with Ewing's Sarcoma, Janet Thieriot died on the evening of March 3 at Pacific Presbyterian Hospital in San Francisco. She had graduated salutatorian of her class at Mt. Everett High School in June of 1988. Following a family tradition of newspaper involvement, she was editor of the *Eagle's Voice*. In addition she was a yearbook editor, a member of the National Honor Society and Responsible Parties and a French teacher for fifth and sixth graders. Janet lived in Monterey on Wellman Road since moving from northern California in 1979. She was an enthusiastic part of her communities in Monterey and Sheffield.

Janet spent much of the fall in therapy at the Albany Medical Center, but in early December doctors there had conceded defeat. Fortunately, a doctor in San Francisco had the spirit and tenacity to match Janet's and she decided to accept his invitation. She arrived on the West Coast for two weeks of tests which confirmed Dr. Wilbur's optimism. The regime of intense chemotherapy produced difficult side effects including ten days in ICU but did not reduce the tumor size. Throughout her illness Janet impressed us with her gallantry and her "oh, darn" reaction to setbacks. Her spirit was a flame that burned through cloudbursts. Often visitors to the hospital found that Janet was the one comforting them. If one were to knock down Janet's castle, she was one who would scramble around, find a solid corner of foundation and begin reassembling. And she never asked why fate had chosen her for this ordeal. She faced the battle on its terms and did not back down from the challenge.

After a month of radiation treatments throughout February, an MRI test indicated that 90% of the tumor was dead. Although she still faced a long course, a good step had been made. Unfortunately, when large tumors die, the breakdown exposes interior blood vessels to hemorrhage. Ironically, Janet died from the side effects of successful therapy.

On March 7 a service attended by 400 was held at the Congregational Church in Great Barrington. Conducted by Cliff Aerie, Cory Loder, and Kathy Duhon, it featured a moving solo of "The Rose" by Melinda Olds. There followed a community reception at the Monterey Church hosted by Millie Walsh and Storrs and Shirley Olds.

It is impossible here to detail or to give appreciation to the legions of people all over the country who rallied to support Janet and me in so many ways. Often she remarked to me how amazed she was at how many people cared and how much they did for her and how much strength it gave her. Friends, classmates, teachers, children, and so many others continued to visit Janet at the hospital and at home, wrote letters and phoned. Artwork, cards, posters from Gould Farm, Roadside Store and Mt. Everett covered her walls. There were not enough horizontal surfaces for the plants, flowers and teddy bears. Anson Olds, Scott Steele and school friends arrived with guitars for sing-alongs. Seven hundred and fifty bike riders rode the length of Cape Cod. My brother spent three days arranging her transfer to San Francisco and then put up with me in his small house for three months. And, on the West Coast, relatives and old friends came to help. Classmate Linda Perry twice spent three weeks caring for Janet; Sue Carpenter flew out for six days. A constant stream of phone calls and letters brightened Janet's days. Be assured that though she did not recover, your love and comfort were well placed.

And all these same people have helped me through this labyrinth. I arrived home to a large poster, banana cream pie and dinners, in addition to the emotional support which I needed. Cards to my mailbox have kept Walter Parks busy. Friends made the service for Janet meaningful and beautiful. I cannot even attempt here to further detail all you have done. I just have to thank you here collectively and in person when possible.

A fund has been established in Janet's name for the school newspaper at Mt. Everett. It will be used in some creative way to enhance the quality of the paper and the learning experience it provides for the students. Thank you.

Eagle's Voice, c/o Janice Storti, Mt. Everett High School, Sheffield, Massachusetts, 01257.

— Bob Thieriot

Monterey
by Leonard Weber

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WANTED: TOYS MADE BY ALTON HEATH OF MONTEREY

Owners of wooden toys made by the "Monterey Toymaker," Alton Heath, formerly of Main Road, Monterey, are urged to contact Ellen Pearson, Box 264, Monterey 01245 (or call 413-528-1988).

It is planned to have a retrospective exhibition of Heath's colorful trucks, trains, doll houses, etc., in conjunction with the Monterey Arts Council summer art show. Along with the exhibition will be a video interview of Alton Heath, who now lives (and still makes toys) in the Timberlyn Heights nursing home in Great Barrington.

It will be much appreciated if toy owners will loan their Monterey Toymaker treasures to the show. Arrangements will be made for pick up and return, or mailing and insurance.

PERSONAL NOTES

Hearty congratulations to elated grandparents **Arnold** and **Janet Garber** of Tyringham Road, whose grandson, **Eric Matthew**, was born January 25 to **Dr. Eric** and **Jill Gordon**.

And, Best Wishes to **Jim** and **Carol Lewis Edelman** of Hupi Road on the birth of their first child, a daughter, on March 17.

A standing ovation to Monterey students who were outstanding in their performances in the school production of the musical *Oklahoma!* Monterey cast members included **Patrick McBride** as Curly, **Shelby Loder** as Laurie, **Brooke Loder** as Ado Annie, **Jan Brown** as Ike, **Anne Marie Makuc** as Cord Elam, and **Nancy Loder** as director!

Congratulations to **Natasha Grotz** who had some very successful race results at the Junior Olympics at Mt. Snow and achieved national ranking as a result. She thus qualified for four Eastern Alpine Championship races to be held at Sugarbush in Vermont the week of March 20. Good Luck, Tasha!

A speedy recovery to **Kay Bolger**, who suffered a broken wrist in a fall on the ice and is frustrated but still tries to practice on his violin, to *myself* who suffered a broken foot and am not a good patient — would like to *burn* these crutches, and NO, I wasn't skiing, and to **Marion Thomson**, who was hospitalized after an accident at her home.

Very Happy Birthday Wishes to **Jeremy Vallianos** on February 11, to **Paul Makuc** on February 27, to **Shaen O'Connor**, the Leap Year Kid, on February 29?, to **Arnold Garber** on March 1, to **Janet Garber** on March 7, to **Bob Gauthier** on March 10, to **Bonner McAllester** on March 13, to **Fred Carlisle** on March 15, to **Bill Thieriot** on March 19, to **Celia Gottlieb** on March 24, to **Barbara Gauthier** on March 31, to **Maynard Forbes** and **Wendy Tryon** on April 2, and to **Don Coburn** on April 18.

— Stephanie Grotz

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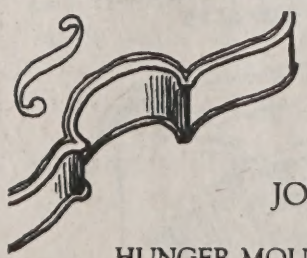
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U.S. EMBARGO—NOT NICARAGUAN STRIFE—CREATING REFUGEES, SAYS MONTEREY RESIDENT

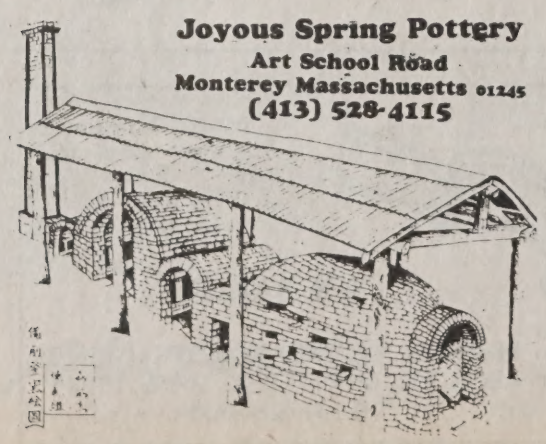
I returned from a ten-day visit to Nicaragua on January 12. What I saw, heard, and photographed was very different from the reports that appear in the American press.

There were 12 in our group: business people, professionals and teachers. We saw and talked with Nicaraguans who were canning shrimp, processing coffee beans, making and bottling beer, etc.

We spent many hours with industry and community leaders, schoolteachers, farmers and agricultural workers, trade union leaders, church people, salespeople, and journalists. We also talked with many young people from Europe and North America who are helping with the reconstruction there by volunteering their services. We made a point of talking with people who were critical of the way things are going, some of them openly partial to the Contras.

Contrary to the almost daily reports in the U. S. press about communism and Marxist terror, we found private businesses and enterprises everywhere we went. In the capital, Managua, we saw establishments with large outdoor signs such as Nissan, Toyota, Siemens, and even the American Esso Company, which we were told uses Venezuelan oil (because of the embargo) to make gasoline in a refinery near Managua. Otherwise the only American-made goods in evidence were old and battered private autos purchased during the Samoza period, before the U. S. embargo.

Despite what is reported, hundreds of Nicaraguans are allowed to leave the country daily without restriction. We rode and talked with some of them who were on our plane going back to Miami. They spoke of the economic difficulties they had because of the very high inflation, more than 20,000 percent. They were looking forward to an easier life in the U. S. A. None of them spoke evil of the Sandinista government but all told us of the difficulties caused by economic problems. *Nearly everyone we met in Nicaragua pointed out that the inflation is largely the result of the current U. S. embargo on trade between the two countries.* While the average pay there is somewhere between the equivalent of $7 and $15 (U. S. money) per week, prices on everything were more than 200 times what they were in 1979. And recent press reports indicate the inflation (in March '89) had risen to over 360 times!



Some poignant problems: ■ All Nicaraguan hospitals were equipped with American-made x-ray machines during former President Anastasio Samoza's reign of 40 years. Now, when an x-ray tube burns out, the hospital must junk the entire machine and replace it with a new one made in Europe, due to the American embargo. ■ When an American-made truck or auto, or an American-made farm tractor, bulldozer, or piece of road-building equipment breaks down, no spare parts are available. The whole machine must be replaced by one of European or Asian manufacture.

Most equipment we encountered came from Czechoslovakia, Japan, the Soviet Union, China, France, etc. All of it was purchased on credit from manufacturers in these countries at terrific expense, thus causing more inflation. This problem is compounded by the destructive effects of the 1972 earthquake that killed 10,000 people in Managua, and by the 1988 hurricane that damaged hundreds of homes and crops.

We also found that there are seven different political parties represented in the national legislature. They vary from the left to the right, with the largest block controlled by the Sandinista Party, a middle-of-road political movement that favors the existence of both government-owned and privately owned business and industry. The Sandinistas call it a democracy with Christian orientation.

A newspaper editor we visited told us that almost every newspaper person in Nicaragua believes that the daily *La Prensa* tells lies about Daniel Ortega and the Sandinistas. He added that they believe *La Prensa* is supported by the C. I. A. and that is why its director recently went to Washington to testify in favor of aid to the Contras. The editor we talked to was jailed several times by Samoza because he criticized the regime for its corruption, and encouraged a group of former *La Prensa* employees to break away and establish their own newspaper, *El Nuovo Diario*, because they couldn't stand the lies carried by *La Prensa*.

Swarms of Nicaraguans are now emigrating to Florida because of the dire poverty at home. They are not anti-Sandinista, despite U. S. press reports. They seek only relief from the bad living conditions in their country largely caused by the U. S. trade embargo. But they know they will not be allowed to stay in the U. S. A. unless they are classified as *political refugees*, so they denounce the Sandinista government as soon as they cross the border into the U. S.

Americans are burdened by the terrific expense of supporting these people. *Removing the embargo now would be good for them as well as for us.*

I have come home determined to convey to my fellow citizens some of what I learned and to encourage those who will listen to give immediate help to Nicaragua in the form of used clothing, tools, medicines, used tennis balls and toys (for children) etc., and to work in every way possible for a new day in U. S.—Nicaraguan relations. Readers who may want to help now should contact the organization known as Berkshire Amistad in Pittsfield and Lenox—or contact me at P. O. Box 141 in Monterey, MA 01245, and I will give you further details on how to get your donations to Nicaragua.

— Bernard Kleban

DANCING IN MONTEREY, 1906

The young people in Monterey loved to dance; they would make an arrangement with the school committee to hire the school house for the summer months. They had to be their own janitor, fill the lamps with oil and clean the chimneys, and sweep the floor of the big room upstairs. After they had swept the floor they would sprinkle Johnson's floor wax on it, which made a good dancing surface. They had to unlock the building and see that it was all secure when they were through.

You can't dance without music. In Hartsville there was a fiddler by the name of Ben Bradbury and his daughter, Louise, who played the piano. They were hired to play every Friday night all summer. They would have the piano put on their wagon and, sitting on the keyboard, drive to the Monterey school house. The horse would be unhitched and led away to Bert Tryon's barn in the village. The boys would unload the piano, carry it upstairs and place it at the head of the floor ready for action.

The dances were mostly square dances with, once in a while, a waltz. At about twenty past eleven they would have an intermission when you could walk to the village to Tryon's tea room and order from three flavors of ice cream and all kinds of soda, or a ham sandwich and a hot cup of coffee. Going back to the hall you would have one or two more short squares, and then you would hear "Good Night Ladies," on the fiddle. There would be a roar from the young people for "just one more, Ben!" Generally Ben would win out. And the next Friday night this would happen all over again.

This is the way I learned to waltz: when they played "Home Sweet Home" I would ask a lady sitting on the side lines if she would waltz with me. I was only twelve then, and I have danced every year since then until 1986, when my feet gave out.

— A. Wallace Tryon

RABIES CLINIC

There will be a rabies clinic Saturday, April 15, at the firehouse, from 1 to 3 p.m. You can get your dog innoculated (needed for license) and licenses will be available at the clinic.

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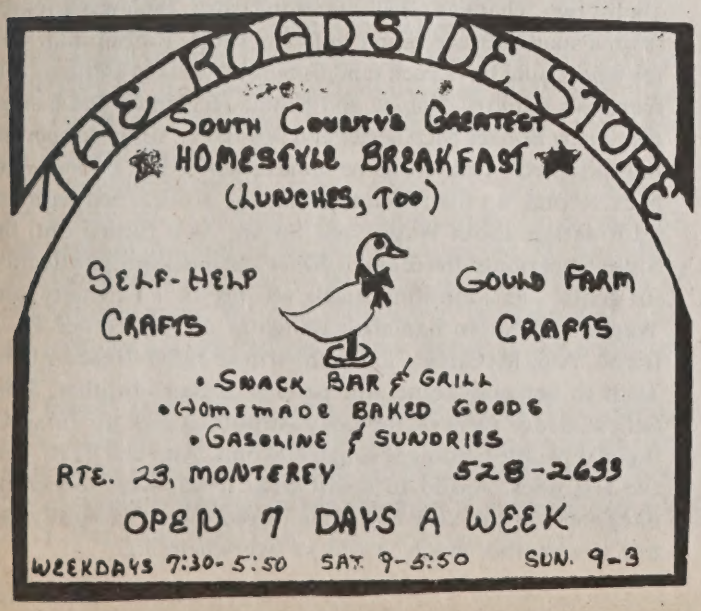

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WHO'S WHO IN MONTEREY

Susan Sellew

This month's interview with Susan Sellew was my most unusual so far. We first talked in her house and, about a week later, in her barn at Rawson Brook Farm, during which time "Fungi," one of her prize goats, gave birth to a new kid. It was the first birth of anything I had ever witnessed.

Susan grew up in New Marlboro, and when she was four, she began traveling 3½ miles to a summer cabin on land in Monterey that was given to her father on his 21st birthday by her great-grandfather. She is married to Wayne Dunlop; they've been together for 19 years. They've lived on various farms over the years, in different parts of the country, but there's been a constant in their lives: goats.

In 1967 Susan attended Antioch College in Ohio, where she studied art education. Shortly thereafter, she opened Great Barrington's first leather store. She met Wayne and together they went to live in Boulder, Colorado. She made pottery with the Boulder Potters Guild and, even more impressive, she fashioned leather hot pants in psychedelic colors. "They were gross," she admits. "Eventually, though, we didn't feel at home out West so we moved to Southern Maine, where we bought our first two goats." Next, they ended up buying a 260-acre farm in St. Lawrence County, New York, where they lived, but mostly worked, for seven to eight years. They had many other animals besides goats to look after; Susan calls it the "Old MacDonald Syndrome." Realizing they wanted to specialize in goat cheese, Wayne and Susan moved back to the family land in Monterey. "We were really homesick for the diversity offered by the Berkshires."

Susan started out with 12 goats and they now have 65. She learned to make cheese, the traditional way, from her teacher and mentor, Martine Gadbois from Montreal, Canada. They've been making prize-winning goat cheese ever since.

And the obvious question: Why is your goat cheese soooo good? Susan gives several reasons, the most important being, "the goats have to be very happy, and very healthy." Watching Susan work in the barn, fussing over each goat, talking to them, calling each one by name, there's no doubt but that they are happy. "Also, we must keep everything meticulously clean in order for the product to be consistent. If the cheese doesn't come out just right, I mean *just* right, we throw it all away. That's especially difficult when you realize that making a batch of cheese is a three-day process, three long days!" It's obvious in talking to Susan that making goat cheese is not merely her job or her hobby, but her life. As to future expansion of the farm, "We're definitely not going to get any bigger, that could ruin it."

Although they may not get any bigger, the name Rawson Brook Monterey Chevre, synonomous with the finest goat cheese money can buy, keeps expanding. People drive in from all over to pick up their cheese; Wayne and Susan also ship it out to restaurants and individuals. This year's open house drew a crowd of 300 to 350 people.

"Freshening" time is what the birthing period is termed for all milk-producing animals. This year 119 kids were born at Rawson Brook Farm. The barn was alive with the child-like crying of all the baby goats. Susan and Wayne will keep only ten and sell the rest.

JIM LAFFEY

Susan Sellew

When I was there, Susan was helping Fungi give birth. The goat had backed herself into the last stall of the dark barn and Susan was kneeling right there beside her, reassuring her. The delivery was taking longer than usual, and Susan was worried that something was wrong. Just then, Fungi moved out into the aisle, lay down on the clean straw, and gave birth to a beautiful, black and white, and very feisty male kid. She spent the next 20 minutes cleaning up her newborn. I'll never forget the feeling as Susan carried the newborn kid, all glistening wet and clean, out into the sunlight and placed it in my arms! I could feel its heart beating incredibly fast (120 beats per minute). It seemed restless, anxious to nurse and to play with all the other kids.

We stepped back into the barn, waiting for Fungi to deliver her other kids, since most of the Rawson Brook goats have triplets. After 15 more minutes, Susan thought the other kids might be positioned incorrectly inside the mother, though Fungi was just lying there, looking quite content, obviously not in any pain. After scrubbing up, Susan came back and examined the situation. To her surprise, everything was fine — Fungi was having just one kid. "It's strange, but it happens."

As I mentioned earlier, Susan knows every goat by name. Some examples: in the "mushroom line" are Mushroom, Chanterelle, Fungi (my favorite), and Inky. In the "cookie line" are Oreo, Lorna, Doone, Fig, and Newton.

Wayne and Susan have one daughter, Tarsi Varsha, who's almost two. That's another interesting story. Tarsi was adopted from a social service center in Delhi, India. Rather than wait for what could have been (and usually is) years to adopt a child from this country, Wayne and Susan decided on India since they knew Bonner McAllester and Joe Baker, who had successfully adopted a child from the same center. When Bonner went back to pick up their second child, she also carried with her information about Wayne and Susan. As it turned out, the Sister Superior at the center is Swiss and has a special affection for goats. The adoption process was begun in February, and Wayne and Susan had their daughter on September 12. A friend, Ann McGinley, made the trip to India to escort baby Tarsi to her new home and parents. Susan's brother, John Sellew, drove them to Kennedy Airport to pick up Tarsi. Of the 800 people coming through customs, Ann and Tarsi were the last ones. Asked to recall what it was like, seeing her daughter for the very first time, Susan says, "Honestly, we don't remember much, it was so overwhelming."

— Jim Laffey

"I AM A WEED ...." A TRUE CONFESSION, as told to Sal Mander, for the *Monterey News*

The following account will be shocking to many of you. Your personal reaction to what you read here will depend upon your own nature, I suppose, and I cannot feel any accountability for what you are about to experience. It is the duty of a reporter to tell it like it is, not like it ought to be. We all hope for a better world, of course, but it is my belief that we must build on what we've got and to do that we need to look it right in the eye, even though we may at times be frightened. Or disgusted.

I spend a lot of time on the wrong side of the beach, down at the lake thinking about a better world, reporting on life as I see it so that we may recognize what is rotten and take it from there. When I venture into this murky underworld, so foreign to civilized humankind, I take my life into my own hands; I do it so I can report faithfully on what I have seen. And heard. Recently, I was able to take down the dying words of a repentent member of a dissolute and corrupt community. What follows is not for the weak-kneed. Sit down and read on.

She lay on the mud flat gasping, her long slim body a sorry shade of green; she was as naked as the day she was born. I approached cautiously, fearing some kind of trap, expecting her to rise up at any moment and grab me for my wallet. Or my notebook. I've been mugged before at the lake; I've lost a lot of blood down there so I'm careful now. I kept my distance and waited for her to speak first.

"Oh, lord," she said. "I see you have a notebook."

"You're not dead yet, sister," I said to her, keeping my voice gruff, professional. "And yeah, I got a notebook. You can't have it."

"Oh, no. Those days are over for me. But I have a confession to make."

She had me pegged all wrong, but what could I do? I took down her dying words.

"I can say it now, now that my life is all but over. I am a weed. I have never really pretended to be anything else, but I never said it out loud before, either. I am a weed and I have committed weedy crimes.

"I did a terrible thing last summer. At the time I thought it was excusable because it was the weedy thing to do, but now I see that it was a crime against nature. Remember that long hot spell we had? Well, I spent the entire time . . . I can barely bring myself to admit this. I spent the whole time, day and night, GROWING. You think you have seen and heard everything, but I see by your face that I have shocked you. Yes, I grew. And I did other things, too.

"I committed crimes against recreation. Together with all my weedy pals, I participated in mob scenes. Oh, I could fill the pages of any tabloid with the things we did. We turned the shallow parts of this lovely lake into grotesque parodies of recreational areas. We choked the water. In all our spare time we schemed and plotted against the lake. Our plot grew very thick.

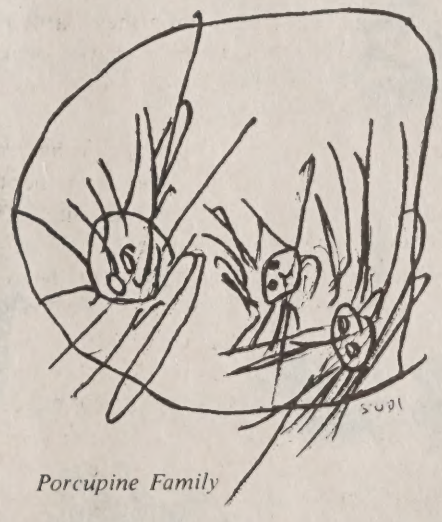
"Myself, I am a naiad, or bushy pondweed. My fancy handle is *Najas flexilis*, and I am known for my forking stems and my slim leaves, which are clasping and dilated at the base. There are a couple of normal things about me: I make flowers and fruit. But aside from that, I am perverted and perverting. I have unbelievable powers of mental manipulation which I use without compunction on members of unrelated species, such as *Homo sapiens*. This has got to be the worst thing I do and I just want everyone to know I'm sorry. No one is going to believe this. At least I am not as bad as the Algae sisters. Now there is a family. They make themselves slimy and clingy and do awful things to people's minds. But I am not here for mud-slinging, I'm here to confess.

"The worst thing I do is I scare people so much that they do incredible, futile things to the lake in hopes of eradicating me."

As she spoke, I stepped back. I'd noticed the water level in the lake was rising. Guess the authorities had closed the dam and the lake was filling up after its winter drawdown. All of a sudden, as the water reached her limp body, she let out a long thin laugh. My blood ran cold, but I kept taking notes.

"Hee, hee, hee! Fooled you again, you suckers. Can't keep old Najas down with a little cold air. See you at swimming class."

The lake rose around her and she billowed up, a botanical resurrection. I was so distracted I got water in my boots. I felt the slim green fingers tickling my knees and was shocked to realize that I almost enjoyed it. She's diabolical, all right, seductive. I may lose my job for reporting all this, so stark, so real; but I believe you have to take a stand, even if it is in the mud. You have to call a weed a weed.



Porcupine Family

MONTEREY SUMMER CELEBRATION

Several groups in town, including the Arts Council, are developing ideas for a celebration of our town, this summer. Will there be a parade? Shall we combine it with an Arts Festival? How about celebrating the industries of Monterey? And the history? Anyone with ideas, preferences, hopes, come to the brain-storming session in the church social room, 7:30 p.m., April 11. Call Donna Bartell at 528-5874 for more information, or to give her your ideas if you can't come to the meeting.

SPRING POEMS

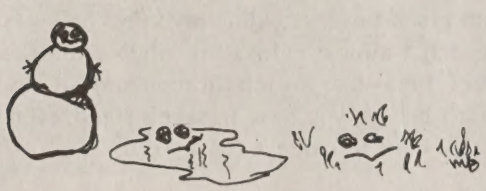
by Kitty Muse

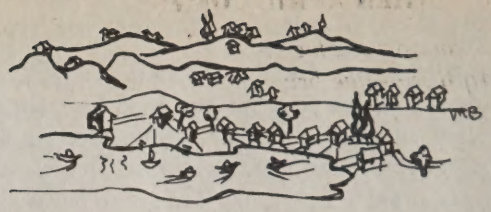
MELTED WOMAN

I found two rocks and a stick today
Where they should never be,
On the short green grass of a springtime lawn,
Looking up at me.

The Cheshire cat must be here, I said,
As I tried hard to place
Those two smooth eyes and the thin-lipped smile,
That disembodied face.

Now like a flash I remember her;
She stood right here, I know.
You left your eyes and your smile behind,
Woman made of snow.





MOUNTAIN HAIKU

Mountain three mountain
six mountain nine ten mountain
thirteen mountain mount.

SPRING WISH

I wish I were a raindrop
So I could fall to earth.
I'd make a little mudpie
And cause a little mirth.

YESTERDAY WAS SPRING

Yesterday was spring,
Snowing and cold,
Till the sun came out,
The color of gold.
Today it's spring,
Cold as can be,
And it seems as if winter
Is laughing at me.

— Erin Sadlowski

WHEN APRIL COMES

There's a canopy of blue above the earth.
Warm April sunshine brings to life the flowers.
With open arms she welcomes each one's birth
And bathes them all with cool, refreshing showers.
The willows wave their tresses in the air
As April sends her gentle breezes high
While fires bud on maples that were bare
Stand out against a cloudless cobalt sky.
Along the garden walks small crocuses
Greet us with their colors gay and bright.
And in the marshes peepers loudly raise
Their happy chorused voices through the night.

— Eleanor Kimberley

DAYBREAK

Gold lance at tilt they ride into the fray
With streaming pennants, rose and amethyst—
Against the ranked and somber soldiers of the mist—
The fierce, triumphant warriors of the day.

— Dorothy E. Law

QUATRAIN

"Brevity is the soul of wit—"
Yet here I sit, and sit, and—sit.
Not a thought will come to me,
Whether great—or brevity.

— Sue Moody

TRACKS IN NEW SNOW UNDER THE FEEDER

The squirrels' bright eyed, avaricious leap,
The single-footing cat, going straight across,
But minding everybody's business,
Susan's stride and Cora's well-trudged furrows,
The plantigrade pace of plangent ducks,
The humped-up channels of meandering voles,
The boldface stilted jumps of blue jays,
The tiptoe hops of chickadees, lighter than air,
The wingstrokes of inert doves, bursting into sudden life,
No tracks at all of nuthatches, they descend the post
Upside down, cling tight, and only peck
As far as they can reach.

— David P. McAllester

PLANNING BOARD REPORT

Due to details that had to be worked out, the Planning Board public hearing will be in late April instead of March as previously announced. The time and place will be posted in town and published in the *Courier*. The purpose of the meeting will be to discuss with all who are interested a set of proposed changes and amendments to the zoning by-laws. In addition to a number of minor clarifications, definitions, and changes, the Board proposes new regulations in these important areas:

1) establishment of a rural residential/conservation district, a zone in which lots would be required to have four acres and 300 feet of frontage, minimum.
2) increased acreage requirements for lakeshore lots on steep slopes.
3) increased setbacks from streams and ponds for septic systems and dwellings.
4) erosion and sedimentation control guidelines.
5) driveway permit standards.
6) common driveways, by special permit, for no more than three dwellings.

Copies of the proposed changes and amendments will be available at the Town offices.

— Joe Baker

NEWS FLASH: 3-17-89

"A ROBIN HAS LANDED IN HOUSATONIC!"

Spring is testing the water
At the iced edges of the lake.
A pair of Canada geese
Inspect the island for nesting grasses.

Day by day the sun creeps northward
Along the ridge of the studio.
Today it's peek-a-booing
Through grey clouds and fine mist

Red wings are crackling
In the bare trees of Monterey
And a chick-a-dee sings
Her spring song in Corashire.

It's coming — yes, summer's warmth
Has awakened the crocuses
While we await the singing peepers.
It's coming!

— E. L. Wilson

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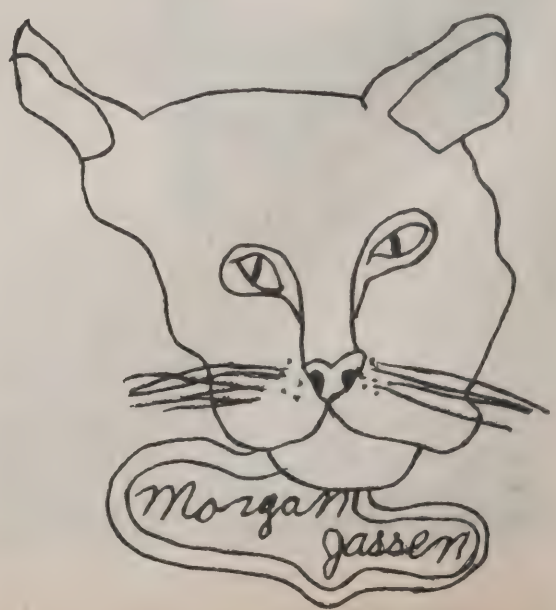

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS 4-H NEWS: SUMMER CAMP JOBS

Peter Otten, Director of 4-H Camp Howe, has announced the following summer jobs are still available: Assistant Cook; Nurse; Waterfront, Photography and Kitchen Staff; plus a few counselor positions.

4-H Camp Howe is located on Highland Lake, Goshen. The Camp will run from June 25 until August 20. The first week will be exclusively used for staff training and preparing program areas for the campers. Two international mini-camps and six one-week sessions will be held during 1989.

Time off each week, room and board and an opportunity to spend the summer in a wonderful outdoor environment are provided. Salaries vary depending on the position and skill of the applicant. Volunteer positions are also available.

A "Staff and Volunteer Information" flier and application are available from: Massachusetts Cooperative Extension, 46 Summer Street, Pittsfield, MA 01201. Telephone: 448-8285.

BERKSHIRE COUNTY COOPERATIVE EXTENSION ANNOUNCES GROW-LINE

With the arrival of spring and the gardening season, Berkshire County Cooperative Extension begins its "Grow-Line." Staffed by Master Gardeners, the "Grow-Line" offers County residents the opportunity to have their gardening questions answered. The Master Gardeners will also help with the identification of plant pest problems and provide pest management information.

The "Grow-Line" will operate on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays from 9:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. throughout the growing season. Anyone needing gardening information can call 448-8285 during the specified times and ask for the "Grow-Line."

GRANGE NEWS

Monterey Grange No. 291 met March 1 for a Women's Activities program. The recent foodless Food Sale was a success and the Grange wants to thank all who helped. The revised by-laws were approved and have gone to the State Master for his approval.

The annual Booster Night met on March 15. Massachusetts State Grange Overseer Floyd Murphy, from Northboro, was guest speaker and presented the Community Service Award to Postmaster Walter Parks. Special awards for long-time membership were made to Robert Hardisty, Florence Brown, Frances Brett, Mary Wallace, and Joseph Zita. Entertainment consisted of poems, a hat contest, games, accordian selections by Marian Smith, and community singing.

Guests were present from Northbury, Huntington, Heart of the Berkshires, Sheffield, Stockbridge, Umpachene, and West Stockbridge. Helping with the presentations were Special Deputy Alicia Brazie and Subordinate Deputy Peter Martin.

The next meeting will be April 5; Sister Florence Brown and the Conservation Committee will be in charge of the program.

— Mary Wallace
Lecturer

FRESH AIR KIDS

For the past six years Bill and Janet and I have welcomed "Fresh Air" kids from New York City as our guests for two weeks in July at our farm on Wellman Road. Starting out with an eight year old, our guest list has eventually blossomed to three boys who climb on the bus in downtown NYC and get an opportunity to see another world. For many children it is their only chance to get out of the inner city all summer long. For my family it is a way to make new friends and share the scenic beauty and the good luck that life has provided.

We are looking for more host families who would be willing to share their home in early July with a child — boy or girl — 5-14. The children are carefully screened for suitability and come with medical insurance. You provide a bed, food and companionship. From this foundation the magic happens. You need only witness the scene at the departure bus to be humbled and inspired for life. There are some activities in life that are fairly simple but carry an intense emotional uplift. This is one.

I encourage you to look into hosting a child for this summer. For further information contact: P. O. Box 173, Monterey, Massachusetts 01245 (528-9266).

— Bob Thieriot

THANK YOU FROM THE LIBRARY

Thank you, Mark Mendel! Originally built without a foundation, the retaining wall at the entrance to the library basement was leaning dangerously. Mark generously donated materials and the services of his Monterey Masonry crew to put in a foundation and restore the wall. It's a wonderful job and saved us many dollars.

Thanks, too, to Joe Wirth, who answered an emergency call when the timer controlling the Christmas tree lights broke. He came promptly and replaced the timer so we could all enjoy the tree.

— Monterey Library Trustees

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LAKE GARFIELD ASSOC. — An Appeal For Funds

As you are aware from prior notice in the *Monterey News*, the Town has requested a diagnostic and environmental study followed up by recommendations to be conducted by Associated Environmental Scientists Inc. of West Springfield, Massachusetts. This firm has submitted a proposal to the Town to undertake this work and complete the study this calendar year.

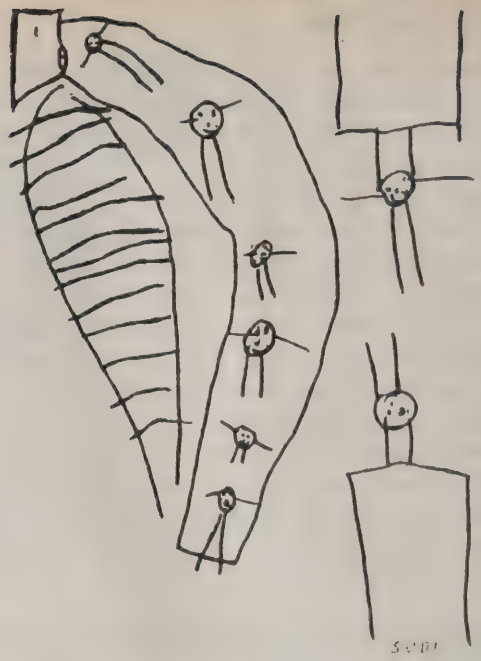
Due to the fact that the Town is not able to commit any funds this fiscal year, the Lake Garfield Association has agreed to underwrite the first testing phase to be done while the ice is on the lake in March. This cost will be $2,120, which will just about wipe out our treasury.

In addition, there will be more testing and sampling to be completed prior to July 1, 1989. The Conservation Commission and the Selectmen have agreed to support a warrant at the Town Meeting in May to pay for the remainder of the study. The total cost of the proposal is $18,590.

In order to complete the phases of work, at least prior to July 1, 1989, the Association will attempt to raise $10,000 through your generous donations. This will be a necessary and important step in maintaining the quality of Lake Garfield. I encourage all who care for the Lake and its future to mail a donation immediately to Dean P. Amidon, President, The Lake Garfield Association, Monterey, MA 01245.

See you in June!

— Dean P. Amidon, President
Lake Garfield Association

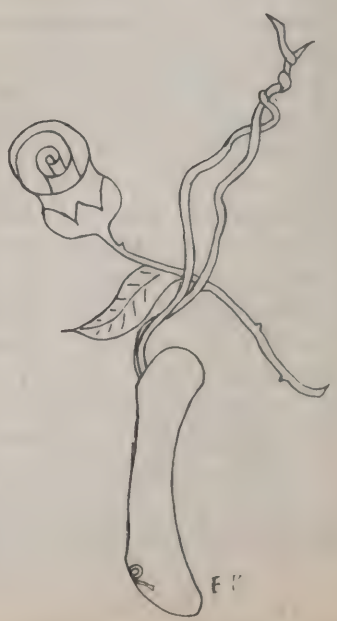


A girl on slide and a mother and a father on trapezes

CABLE T.V. UPDATE

The Monterey Cable Committee, made up of Stefan Grotz, Mark Makuc, Jim Laffey, Dek Tillett, and Bill Bohn, has been meeting weekly and has made considerable progress towards the completion of the required Issuing Authority Report, from which the five cable companies under consideration will make their final proposals. Cable committee meetings are open to the public, dates and times are posted.

— Jim Laffey



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MONTEREY WASTELINES

Budget Time and Good News for Solid Waste

We've been quite lucky this year on solid waste disposal costs. There have been no increases since September of 1987 in the already high price we pay to the landfill in Chicopee where our waste is deposited.

We met a couple of weeks ago with the people who know the numbers at the Town Hall and found that, barring heavy increases before July, we will spend under $60,000 this year for solid waste removal. This figure would be well under the budget for the town; but even more important, it is a decrease of several thousand dollars from last year's costs. This saving is exciting news to those of us who have been watching costs spiral upwards and who expected that it would take a lot of effort by all of us just to keep increases from becoming astronomical. Well — we don't know what will happen next year, but for one year we seem to have held the line.

The savings which we've all helped to achieve come from two main changes: newspaper recycling and cutting down on other waste dumping. Newspaper recycling became mandatory at the beginning of this fiscal year (July '88) which augmented the amount of paper which we diverted starting in November '87 with voluntary collecting.

We have also been saving tonnage of solid waste (estimated total of about 368 tons this year) by alternate disposal methods. The venerable compost pile is being revived and saves the town in lots of ways — we keep a valuable resource in town. Leaves and yard waste have always seemed to me like a silly thing to haul around the country, especially if you're already *in* the country. There are lots of other things which can be separated with a bit of effort. It makes sense to save our (or "their") landfill space for those things truly hazardous or noxious which really need to be embalmed in plastic and clay liners and monitored by test wells in perpetuity.

More hopeful news — the DEQE is about to start the public education phase of the Materials Recycling Facility Project. The Monterey Selectmen have received and have signed a memorandum of understanding governing our participation in the project. The recycling "factory" on Birnie Avenue in Springfield is being built, and Division of Solid Waste people think that we may be able to send them some recyclable products by this coming November. Materials which we send to this plant will not cost a fee to dump, so we may save significant disposal fees when the project gets going.

We'll hear more about the recycling project later, but we still need to do better down at the newspaper shed. Some people who should know better are giving us junk mail and shiny magazines. For shame! They should read the sign on the shed.

– Wayne Burkhart

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

My first memories of Monterey are of the house on Art School Road, where my mother now lives.

The town was different then. All the roads were dirt except for the center of town. Earl Loom was the postmaster, Tommy Heath and his two sons, Ernest and Kenneth, were fixtures up our way in the summer, cutting hay, raking it and taking it in. All with horse drawn equipment. After that, O'Connor Lumber came and cut some of the timber. Again, with horse drawn log sleds and an old fashioned logging camp. I remember where the mill was, and the camp. My rides into town to Julius and Lester's store were with Mr. Benson in his horse drawn wagon. Seventy-five years ago? No. Less than 50. I was a kid, and my grandmother chose not to change any of the methods she knew. Consequently I had a first hand experience with the early 1900s. An icebox, wood stove, dutch oven, wood shed, ice house (ice courtesy of Lake Garfield) were all part of my youth in Monterey.

We have all changed. The people, the town and the rules we live by are different. The Planning Board is submitting some new regulations. I believe they are good but also wish to say now, as a new lock is fashioned for the door, the horse left 30 years ago. The horse left my place and lots of others. There is no question that areas of the town are over-built. But in some ways to increase the requirements now sounds like a way to discriminate against the next person that wants to move into town. Obviously, this will slow and eventually stop growth in Monterey as all vacant land is sold and built upon. It will also slow the growth of tax revenues unless the rates go up. No big deal now, but where will the town be in 25 years when problems may be different? To be sure, no matter what regulations are enacted the land available *will* be sold. It will be sold for a higher price. That's the only difference, and my guess is, that will bring in people with less interest in the community and its problems and more interest in their own little world.

If I were the planning commission I think I would leave lot size alone and try to control construction. If we (the town) maximize the tax base and take the extra revenue and form within the planning board an oversight committee to be sure that buildings were architecturally compatible with surroundings (if such a committee exists, my apologies) and to plan now for the two things that must happen in the future: first, sewers; second, a fire hydrant system; and after that, expansion of the Town water system. The town will grow. It is not the town it was when I was a child. It is not the town Hollywood sought out in the '40s to do scenes for a movie. It must have revenue, and revenue comes from homes, not vacant land.

I don't want Monterey over-built, but I don't want to see the balance consist of open land, super big lots, and the rest small plots. That will invite comparison and by that comparison it might actually devalue some of the smaller, more tightly built housing. We might, and I stress might, be sowing the very first seeds of housing decay. It's happened elsewhere, so no one is talking about setting precedent. The town has to grow and that growth should be monitored. It should also address future problems and revenue sources.

Sincerely,

James C. Pearson, Jr.

To the Editor:

Most parents are acutely sensitive about their children's education. One negative voice has the heat to fire up the concerns of everyone. A voice in the public forum has a serious responsibility.

We have been offered a unique and genuine opportunity by our elementary school to come and experience for ourselves. We have been invited to sit in the classroom and observe, and even to participate. The chance is ours to see our children interact with their peers, to understand more accurately the relative abilities of our own children, and to appreciate the physical and emotional demands on the teacher. I recently spent about twenty hours back in first grade.

The Mill River first grade has twenty-four children of disparate abilities, interests and attention spans. The teacher applies warmth and patience to the task of teaching basic skills and fomenting creativity. She stresses individuality, kindness, fairness, and interpersonal understanding more than neatness and discipline. For example, if a first grader is encouraged to write stories, freed from the burden of correct spelling, we are treated to expression and creativity. Demand correct spelling now, and all that remains is discipline. There is more than one way to deliver the basics.

I support the system and our gifted first grade teacher. I am embarrassed by the lack of support in the classroom. We have now voted to fund extraordinary physical structures, and the innovative programs for which they were carefully designed. We must now fund teachers and adequate classroom assistance!

Don't believe the loudest voice. It is possible to misinterpret a child's frustrations and mistakenly indict the system. Take the opportunity and see for yourselves. Even better, offer your talents and assistance to our children. They may love you for it.

Respectfully,

Tom Rosenthal

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NOTES FROM THE LAND TRUST

I grew up in Cumberland, Rhode Island, in the 1950s, just as the great expansion of suburbia into the hinterland from the city (Providence) was beginning. Cumberland, in the northeast corner of that small state, is a land of rolling hills, covered with the same trees we find here in the Berkshires, except that there the variety of oaks is greater. The Cumberland Farms extended to our property and the cows would sometimes wander down almost to our backyard. Then came Highway 295, which bisected the farm in 1958. The result, I believe, of this fission is the Cumberland Farms chain of convenience stores across the Northeast.

And so it went, woods and fields and even ponds and the reservoirs with their watershed forests, which my father and I would explore and fish on weekends. One by one they became housing plats (as they were called), industrial parks, gasoline alleys, and land posted "No Trespassing." The result was uncontrolled growth and many problems related to traffic, noise, lack of a sense of neighborhood, and lack of opportunities for the young. Too much, too fast, too little planning, like a runaway technology.

We all know about what happened to the farmlands of Long Island and so many other regions. Today there is growing awareness of the problem and state programs, land trusts, the Nature Conservancy, and so on—even an eye to sound regional planning.

I recently re-read that chapter in Lewis Mumford's *Faith for Living*, "Roots in the Region," and so became inspired to write a little on Thoreau's question: "Who would not rise to meet the expectation of the land?"

What does this mean—love of our country? I have never seen California, the Pacific Northwest, the Southwest desert region, or Florida. I believe that by actively loving our own region we become more capable of embracing the whole country, even the world. But we need roots somewhere. One can know fairly well a land area no larger than New England and be able to appreciate and embrace it. Our region is the Berkshires. Another proper region is the Connecticut River valley, regardless of county boundaries.

What does this embracing and loving mean? To different people, different things. Farming creatively so as to nurture the land, creating a work of art in the contours and woodlots and farm buildings, saving the soil also. Or, like Sheldon Fenn, writing a book of poems inspired by the work, land and people.

Further examples are building homes that fit in with the landscape and which foster neighborliness and with special places for children to play, building and maintaining hiking trails, such as the young people have done through the Youth Conservation Corps at the Fish Hatchery; the "Adopt-a-Trail Program" in Beartown; or local chapters of the Appalachian Mountain Club. Foresters can be creative in their cutting methods, even music can flow from the hills, as several local talents have shown.

To protect the land is more than conservation or the setting aside in perpetuity of tracts of our landscape. This, of course, is the bottom line and needs to be done where, say, a good farm may be turned into subdivisions or a beautiful hillside denuded. As another example of youth effort in creative projects here at home, I am reminded of the sugar house at Gould Farm built by a Quaker Work Camp in the 1950s.

I felt most in touch with my native region when I helped get in the hay during the summer on a farm in North Cumberland. It felt good and the hills and haze and breezes particularly memorable. It is the young who will someday be involved as landowners and in various ways, politically, with our land's destiny. It will be a tragedy if they see the land only in dollar values.

I have on my desk a book—*The Berkshire Hills—A WPA Guide*, which was compiled and written by members of the Federal Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration for Massachusetts during *an economically depressed time*. This book is an example of another regional project, artistic and creative. The local arts council is a present-day example. But the point to be made—in this long-winded manner—is that we can become excited about something if we can in some ways—little or big—have a creative role in determining its future: in this case, our land, our region.

— Robert Rausch

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ROSE M. ZILKA

Mrs. Rose M. Zilka, 76, former proprietor of the Hillside Restaurant in Hartsville, died March 1 shortly after being admitted to Fairview Hospital. She was born in Canaan, Connecticut, October 23, 1912, the daughter of Charles and Malvina Minacci Spadaccini, and attended New Marlboro schools.

With her husband, Stanley Zilka, she operated the restaurant from 1946 to 1972 on the site of Mrs. Zilka's parents' dairy farm. The Zilkas lived in Monterey from 1972 to 1981 when Mr. Zilka died; Mrs. Zilka moved to Great Barrington in 1982.

She was a longtime president of the Willing Workers of the Immaculate Conception Church in Mill River. She was also a member of the Thursday Morning Club of Great Barrington. She leaves three sisters, Mrs. Eva Morrison of Great Barrington, Mrs. Anna Crine of Hartsville, and Mrs. Catharine Sellew of New Marlboro.

Burial was in Corashire Cemetery in Monterey.

THADDEUS H. FALCON

Thaddeus H. Falcon, 78, a former Monterey resident, died January 30, in Gulfport, Florida. He was born in Poland and came to New York when his family fled Europe during World War I. During childhood he was a summer resident of Monterey and later, as a permanent resident, he worked as a building contractor, an International Drug Law Enforcement Officer, and as Chief of Police of Monterey from 1961 through 1972, when he retired to live in Florida.

Ted, as he was known to his family and friends, served in the U. S. Army from 1929 to 1935, re-enlisting during World War II from 1943 to 1945. After the war he ran a hunting and fishing camp in Wayne, Maine, and served as a Maine Guide. He was a member of Masonic Lodge 133, F&AM, of Wayne, Maine; DAV Holiday Isles, Chapter 13; American Legion Post 125, and Moose Lodge 1145.

He is survived and sadly missed by his wife, Rhea, and her family in Florida and by his nephews, William Gilchrist of Loveland, Colorado, and Mrs. Charles Bearce of Saratoga Springs, New York, and his nieces, Pamela Gilchrist of Williamstown, Frances MacArthur of Otis, and Charleen Lambert of Eastham.

Memorial donations in his name may be sent to Gould Farm in Monterey.

OLIVE B. DAVIS

Olive Davis, a summer resident since 1930, died in Bridgeport, Connecticut, on February 17, 1989. She is survived by her daughter, Georgianna Shepard, four grandchildren, and one great grandchild. Her father was Herbert Peterson, whose "Walks Around Monterey" have appeared in the *Monterey News*.

Olive Davis was chairman of the Department of Speech and Dramatics at Hunter College High School for over 25 years. The School is establishing a Memorial Fund for her at the Monterey United Church of Christ.

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Conservation Commission: second Monday of each month, 7:30 p.m.

Planning Board: second Thursday of each month, 8:00 p.m.

Selectmen: every Monday, 7:30 p.m.

Board of Health: Mondays, 10:30 a.m. to noon.

Waste Disposal:

Summer: Sunday, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Wednesday, 8 a.m. to 1 p.m.
Saturday, 8 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Winter: Sunday, 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.
Wednesday and Saturday, same as in summer

Post Office:

Window open 7 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 1:30 to 5 p.m. Monday to Friday. Open Saturday from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Mail arrives: 8:10 a.m.

Mail departs: Monday-Friday, 8 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.
Saturday: 8 a.m. and noon
Sunday and holidays, 10 a.m.

Library:

Monday, 7 p.m.-9 p.m.
Tuesday, 9:30 a.m.-noon
Wednesday, 3-5 p.m.
Saturday, 9:30 a.m.-noon
7:00 p.m.-9:00 p.m.

CALENDAR

Saturday, April Fool's Day — General levity in celebration of winter's imminent departure.

Tuesday, April 4 — Prayer Breakfast at 7:00 a.m. at the home of Alice Howell and Walter Andersen. All are welcome.

Saturday, April 8 — Square and Contra Dance, New England style, at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, MA, 8:30-11:30 p.m. Beginners and children welcome. All dances taught by caller Joe Baker; music by Mountain Laurel. Refreshments served. Adults, $4; children, $1 to dance until intermission. Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

Tuesday, April 11 — Planning for Monterey summer celebration. Sponsored by Arts Council and several other groups interested in a splendid celebration of Monterey. Everyone invited! 7:30 p.m. in the church social room.

Wednesday, April 12 — Community Supper, 6:30 in the church social room. The speaker will be Alice O. Howell, who was ill last month and couldn't be there. She will discuss her new book, *The Dove in the Stone: On Finding the Sacred in the Commonplace*. Enjoy the fellowship, the potluck supper, and Alice's wit and *joie de vivre*.

Saturday, April 15 — Rabies Clinic at the fire house, 1-3 p.m. You can get your dog innoculated and pick up a license (which requires innoculation) at the same time.

Tuesday, April 18 — Arts Council meeting, 7:30 p.m. in the church social room. Everyone invited: the Council needs wide participation in suggestions on how to spend its resources and how to plan this summer's Arts Festival.

Saturday, April 22 — Square and Contra Dance, New England style. This program is for people who have done it before. See above, April 8, for time, place, and other particulars.

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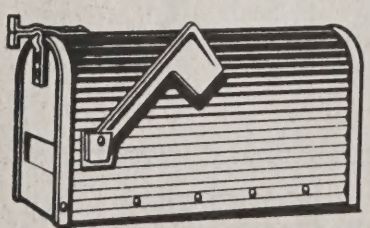

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BEARTOWN STATE FOREST

The following list is of the new user fees for the Division of Forests and Parks, as they affect Berkshire County. Please note that the "walk-in" fees are not "walking" fees. The "walk-in" fees are utilized in some facilities in the state that are in close proximity to densely populated areas. People who stroll into or through Beartown will not be subjected to that fee, though parking at the entrance or on town roads is strongly discouraged. The user fees at Beartown are for the use of the day use and camping areas. Please note that non-profit, organized groups can get fee waivers to any state *day use area*, excluding weekends and holidays. For more information about those waivers write to: DEM, Forests and Parks, PO Box 1433, Pittsfield, MA 01202.

Camping with Vault Toilets	$8.00 per day
Day Use Area Fee	$5.00 per car
Walk-In Fee	Under 18 $1.00
	Adult $2.00
Season Passes	$30.00 per car
Bus Passes	$40.00
Group Camping	$16.00
Visitor Parking	$5.00 per car

Thank you for your continuing support.

— Tom O'Brien

AD RATES

One-inch classified ads (1" x 3⅝")	$ 2.50
Two-inch busines cards (2" x 3⅝")	5.00
Three-inch ad (3" x 3⅝")	7.50
Four-inch ad (4" x 3⅝")	10.00

Back cover ads are double the above prices. No classifieds on the back cover. Copy should reach the editor by the 20th of the month before publication. In general, we cannot run letters more than one column in length.

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Business Manager	Barbara Gauthier
Art Editor	Bonner McAllester
Personal Notes Editor	Stephanie Grotz
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	Eileen Clawson
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